THE TWO SALOMES.

XIII.

AN ENGAGEMENT.

Copyright: 1893; By The Tribune Association. Mrs. Gerry was conscious of a very helplesfeeling when she heard her daughter make that

remark about the crows. She replied that she supposed that the crows must fly somewhere. Oh, yes, mother," said Salome, earnestly, but not between me and the sunlight, and when

I am with -- " she hesitated; then she went "when I am with Randolph Moore,"

Having said this, Salome lapsed into silence. The wind seemed to be rising from the east. The waves began to pound on the farther side of Anastasia. The light from the large moon made the sand glisten sharply. The stiff spikes of s Spanish bayonet tree shone with a hostile aspect. But the air was sweet with an intoxicating ming-

Mrs Gerry was becoming more and more de-

Suddenly from the direction of the truck farm which they were now approaching they heard the drawling, nasal tones of their landlord:

"I've ben aimin' to hang that thur do' for some weeks now," Mr. Maine said, "but I'm so kinder crowded with work, 'n' my wife she's continually needin' wood cut, or sumpthin'. A man can't complish nothin', if he has er wife. Women sin't no consideration. Course, you c'n hang them do' if you want er. I shan't put nothin' in thur way of yer hangin' them do'. I ain't thur man to put nothin' in no other man's way; I ain't."

"All right," responded a clear, energetic voice. Then I'll do it. I've been aiming to hang it, too. Only I never could think of the confounded screws and things. But I've got them this time. Come, Maine, hold up the door, can't you, while

measure about these hinges ?" The two women had paused involuntarily at sound of that voice, for both recognized it as

belonging to Moore. Salome's grasp tightened on her mother's hand. Into the girl's eyes there sprang a new light. "It is Mr. Moore," said Mrs. Gerry's calm tones

"So he has come back." The elder woman walked forward, but Salome lingered for a moment under the banana shrub. She saw Moore drop his tools and turn eagerly. She saw that, while he greeted her mother, his

glance sprang to her. She came forward demurely now, and held out her hand. She said she hoped he had had a successful

Had he sold many goods? Moore held her hand. She repeated her ques tion about the goods.

"I don't knew," he answered. "I believe so: that is, I forget. I'm sure I don't care." Salome tried to withdraw her hand, but could

"Not care?" she exclaimed, " aren't you afraid that those people who employ you will turn

"No. I am only afraid that you are not sufficiently glad to see me. I have been gone for

months-years." You have been gone five days and about threequarters of a day." Then the time has seemed as short as that to

you?" in a melancholy tone. "Time has literally flown with me."

"Salome!" "Mr. Moore!"

"Oh, how inconsiderate you are!"

"Inconsiderate because time has flown? Would you have had it drag? Would you have had me suffer-hanging my head and weeping because you were travelling about and enjoying yourself Tell me that!"

The girl laughed gently. Her eyes shone She was airaid; her happiness made her tremble and draw aloof.

"I don't want you to suffer," said Moore gazing at her wistfully. He thought he had not half known how attractive she was to him-and that moonlight-or was it the moonlight? The black and white hound came from within

the hut and stood by the two, looking up and wagging his tail.

Salome bent down to stroke his head. But Moore did not notice the animal; he did not know the dog had come.

"Thank you for not wanting me to suffer," was the somewhat airy response. The young man stood in silence. He was puz-

rled and grieved. But he would not relinquish the girl's hand. He had lived their meeting over and over, and

his imagination had not once made it in the least like this. He drew his companion away among the pine

trees, Jack following with his head hanging. Moore thought he would try a more matter of

fact kind of conversation. He put Salome's hand through his arm. He endeavored not to look at for a moment, but he found his eyes constantly returning to her face.

He was telling himself that he loved her a thousandfold more than when he had seen her

But he began bravely on his matter of fact

"I had a disagreeable kind of a piece of work down in Tampa," he said. "There's a fellow there who has been using our firm's name. He has done it twice. But the last time was once too many. Our Mr. Donaldson wired me to act my own judgment-said he wouldn't overlook it again, even though the man had a wife who would be likely to die of shame. He couldn't help that. I had to do the whole thing. It was of no use to deny-so the metch confessed. He cried and sobbed. I should have let him off, but

I knew Donaldson too well to do that." "Do you mean that the man had forged?" asked the girl.

"Yes. He was in an awfully tight place. But

of course he is a scamp." "A scamp?"

Yes, certainly. It's no good to be weak about those things. But I tell you I don't want to be the one to get an officer to nab a poor wretch again, and I won't either. felt as if I was a crimintl Tayself. It was heart breaking-and then his wife-no, I swear I'll never be mixed up in such an affair again! You see, I'm too soft. I can't see peo ple suffer-and I thought of you, Salome. I'm thinking of you always. I thought of how your kind heart would grieve for that womanand for the man, too; and I hated myself-and yet I was doing right. Why do you sometimes bate yourself when you are doing right?"

Salome did not answer. She had clasped her other hand over her companion's arm, and was Moore looked down at her. He forgot what he

had been talking about. Why should be remember when at last she glanced up at him?

But she did not let the subject drop. You said he forged?" she asked. She hung

"Yes; but don't let us talk about him any You see. I was driven to saying something because-because you didn't seem glad to

"Not glad to see you?" She touched her cheek for an instant against the sleeve of his coat. But when he bent eagerly

over her she withdrew a little and said :

But I want to talk more about that man " What man?" Why, the forger. I suppose it, is a crime?" "Well, I should think so! And a particularly

mean, underhanded crime, too-to use another person's name." Yes. I suppose it is," said the girl: "but some how it doesn't shock me as it ought. But, of lourse, I know-I know."

Moore stopped in their slow walk. He looked Why on earth should we talk about forgers when we haven't seen each other for-for months?"

he saked.

smiled she continued, "But I have a special interest in forgers."

Whr?" "You will be extremely shocked if I tell you." Moore's surprise increased. "What a curious

girl you are "Yes, I think I must be " She gazed up at him now with a deep seriousness "Still," she for the higher spiritual life either." went on, "you think you-you think you care

"Think? I am sure. It seems to me there is nothing else I care for in the world."

He spoke with impetuous quickness. Oh, yes, there is something else," lightly, though with the serious look still in her eyes "What is that? But you are mistaken, Salome," earnestly.

"Am 1? But don't you care to sell a large bill of goods? Isn't that what you call it? Moore laughed joyfully. He pressed his hand

over her clasped hands on his arm. "Who told you that?" he asked. "I believe I am a tolerably good drummer boy That's why I get a good salary. That's why I shall be able to take care of you, Salome; why, I am able now, we might be married directly. I will ask your mother Let us ask her now. There is not the

slightest use in waiting. He spoke hurriedly. He had that fear so common to lovers that something dreadful would immediately happen to separate him from the

woman he loved. "How foolish you are," exclaimed the girl in response. "Do you think I am going to be hustled from one hand to another like-well, like a bill of goods? No, indeed. I can't be married for a long time to come."

"Why not?" "There are a thousand reasons."

"Give me one of them. "I'm going to be Mrs. Darrah's amanuensis for a number of years. I'm learning shorthand and typewriting; I intend to be very useful to the

Moore looked about him in the moonlight as if hopelessly trying to find some answer to Sa-

words. But he found none "About how many years-if I may ask-do you expect to work for Mrs. Darrah?

He put this inquiry with a great appearance of

"I haven't quite decided. Several," was the "Have you signed a contract-have you sold yourself, as they used to sell themselves to Satan?

with an increase of vehemence. Who used to sell themselves to Satan, Mr Moore? And Mrs. Darrah is very far from being

like Satan." "If she keeps you from me she is worse than Satan," said Moore, with more sharpness in his tone than the girl had ever heard before.

He made an uncontrollable gesture of anger he continued, "but what can you expect of an authoress? Women have no business to --"Don't say ridiculous things, Mr. Moore," in

terrupted Salome, "I would write books myself if I could." But you ean't-thank fortune!" "I'm not so sure of that. Sometimes I feel as

if I could," was the reply. Moore tried to regain his temper. He could hardly tell why he felt so deeply irritated.

You know what Alphonse Karr says?" he remarked with some lightness. "No: I don't know what any one says-leas

all Alphonse Karr." "He says that a woman who writes a book is guilty of two crimes: she increases the number of books and decreases the number of women."

"Then I hate Alphonse Karr!" After this from Salome there was silence. The two continued to walk on between the trees where the moonlight fell in broad patches on the wiry

The hound paced on behind them

Salome had now withdrawn her hand from her companion's arm. She looked removed from him. Moore's nature was too essentially sweet for him to remain long in anger. But this meeting was so different from what he had anticipated.

He could hardly tell why he felt so heartsore. How coolly Salome had spoken of remaining a number of years with Mrs. Darrah! Of course she did not care for him at all as he cared for He did not suppose that women knew much about how to love. Women were so cold, and

and mysterious. At this point in his thoughts Moore took the girl's hand and kissed it with the utmost gentle-

ness. "I suppose I've been wrong some way, Men are so stupid-that is, we are called stupid.

But you don't feel stupid?" asked Salome. Don't let's speak in that way any more. Salome, you don't know how I love you," with kindling eyes, "and I thought, I hoped-- Dearest, do you think you do care for me so that in tim

you will care a great deal?" Salome drew back. She pressed her hands together while she looked at her lover.

"Don't you know how that will end?" she asked. "Don't you know? It will end in my loving you infinitely more than you love me. 1 have read that-and now I am sure of it. Yes, now I am sure of it."

"That is impossible! Impossible!" cried Moore. I want to tell you that I--" Salome drew away with a decided movement.

"You know I told you I wanted to talk more about that forger," she said.

Moore stared. His face fell. He had poignant sense of being baffled. He almost felt that he was being trifled with. But when he saw the girl's face he was more puzzled than ever The young man made a great effort and took

"Well," he responded, "I am ready to listen to all you have to say about the forger." Salome now came a little nearer.

"Did he feel very badly?" she asked with

great interest. Yes: he did." Moore was deciding in his own mind that he was entirely helpless in her hands. And he was remembering with a kind of despatring thrill that moment some days ago when she had voluntarily told him that she loved him. It seemed to him

that he had thought of nothing but her words, her tore and her face when she had spoken thus And now here she was insisting upon talking of that miscrabic incident. He was very sorry he

had mentioned that man. "I suppose," said the girl, "that was because somebody was going to suffer for what he had done-his wife, for instance."

"Perhaps," was the answer, "and perhaps he was repeating." "Oh, do you think so? It wasn't so very bal; I suppose your firm are able to bear the loss

without much inconvenience?" This time Moore stared harder than ever-"It will not inconvenience us very much," he answered.

"Then why do you make such a fuss over it? inquired Salome.
"I didn't know I had made a fuss." Moore hoped that he should not become any more con-

fused than he was now. Of course she was playing upon him. It was all very strange. You said that it was a mean, underhanded

kind of a crime," now remarked the girl. "So it is." "I must say that I have a great sympathy for that man," said Salome.

¥. Moore caught eagerly at this. "That is because you have such a kind heart," he exclaimed.

"No, it isn't that," sile said. " Isn't that?" No. But I shall shock you if I tell you why."

"Don't mind about shocking me," he replied with a hint of bitterness, "but tell me She came nearer to him, she put her hand on his breast. Well, it is this:" she said, "it is because

I don't care about right and wrong." For five and three-quarter days," was the re-ply; and she smiled at him. While she still she had approached him.

rose to his lips she continued; "You remember I told you that I didn't care

of tenderness and trust.

"No: I don't," size went on, "Now, are you sure you care for me?" Before he could give the ardent answer which

She leaned against bim with a movement full

"Salome -- " he began, but she would not le him go on "I know what it will be when you get away from me, you will begin to think of what I

have told you-and it's the truth-and you will to love me; and, by and by, sometimes, whe you ask yourself this question, you will answer 'I almost wish I had loved some one else perhaps some one else would have made me happier.' That's what you will think. don't interrupt me! And if you should come to that conclusion after we are married-do you know what a dreadful thing that would be? I could not bear that. I certainly could not bear that,"

Moore held the girl at arms length for an stant. His face was radiant with happiness. Occurse these were the vagaries of a too sensitive I'm not afraid," he said with the sublime con-

fidence of youth and love. "I can face any des-tiny except the destiny which takes you from Do you really feel sure of that?" she whis-

"Yes; absolutely sure."
"And I need not worry any more about it?"
"No. no. Why, Salome, I don't understand you. You are morbid."

There was that in Moore's tone and face which could not fail to comfort the girl.

"No, I am not morbid now," she responded.
"I used to be, up North, before I was really alive. But now—

She bent her head to his shoulder again.

"New" is really heading over her.

She bent her head to his shoulder again.

"Now" he repeated, bending over her.

She pressed her face still closer against him.

"Now," she answered in a muffled voice, "I
am trying to endure your presence, Mr. Moore,"

"I am glad you are beginning so early, he said,
"for you will be obliged to encine my presence
for years and years—as long as we both live."

"I hope so," from his shoulder.

Then Salome suddenly trised her face and
quickly passed her hand across her eyes.

"What discipline it will be?" she exclaimed.

"And I am afraid I have been a little—a very
little sentimental, Mr. Moore."

"You certainly have, Miss Gerry."

"I take it all back."

"You certainly have, siss derights and certainly have, and so that it all back."

"No: you shall not take a word back," firmly "I didn't know you were such a tyrant," standing away from him.

"I am. It is well for you to learn that fact early. Oh," with a quack break in his voice, "how happy I am!"

Salome was a few paces from him, her bands hanging by her side. She stood in a space of moonlight. Was it that light which made her have at that moment a certain intangible appearance as if she were more spirit than flesh?

"And you don't care to talk about the forger any more?" Money inquired.

"I never want to think of him again," with a swift gesture of her left hand. "But," she added, as if under a strong impoles, "I don't blane him.

gesture of her left band. "But," she mided, under a strong impulse, "I don't blame bin.

Moore waited in silence. He was not now thinking of the forger, though he had menti ned im again. "Perhaps," went on Salome, "it was a kind of reaction some way, and he may have done it for some one he loved. No, I don't blame him in the least. Are they geing to put him in prison, Mr. Moore?"

in the least. Are they gents to put aim in passac.

Mr. Moore?"

"I suppose so. But are we going to keep right on conversing on this tonte?"

"Oh, no. Let us walk down to the Schastian.

Or, rather, let us go back, and you may finish hanging our door, and then you will be making yourself useful, while we may enjoy the pleasures of conversation."

"But I would rather go to the Schastian. Even that stream will be beautiful in this moonlight, and we may enjoy being romante?

"No, we have had that kind of thing sufficient for tonight. Think how this light will serve for putting on those hirres."

"Hear her talk of that kind of thing." Of hinges? "cried Moore, looking round him as if for an aydience.

spirits were so high that if he had been in His spirits were so high that if he had been in the least superstitions be would have felt some fear mingled with his exalitation.

"Don't speak disrespectfully of the very light of life, Salome, even in jest. But I will make a bargain with you. I will go back and hang that door if you will take my arm as we walk; and if you will not harry me, and if you will allow me to be as—we will say as romante—as I please;

if you will not snull me, no matter Salome looked at him with a great appearance of admiration.
"I don't wonder they took you into the firm dimost immediately, "she said, "for you do know now to make a bargain. Give me your arm and et us start. I aim to have that door hung this

Later, when Moore had left the little log but was walking slowly toward Augustine, into rapturous mood there came one question, or her one remark: How oddly she talked about that poor wretch

of a forger?"
But the thought left him immediately. It did not return until late in the night, or rather early in the morning when he wakened suddenly in his room at the San March.

Almost before his senses had fully thrown off sleep his mind formed these words?

"How strangely she jouled when she talked about that poor fellow down in Tampa."

And again the thought left him immediately and he slept again, thinking of other words she had speken.

ad spoken.
He had not gone directly to his hotel. He was

convinced that he should not sleep at all. Why should be sleep when his waking was so happy. He strokel slowly into the town. The clocks struck ten. For "society" the evening had but just become "society" the evening had but struck ten. For "society" the evening had but just begin.

He heard the sound of band music, of waltzes, from the Poncy. That building was brilliant. He stopped in front of it; then he sountered into the grounds. A tew people were walking here and there. The plashing of water, the peculiar rustle of the thick leaves of orange trees, the odors from the cape jasmines, the low laugh of women—Moore paused with his hands thrust into the pockets of his morning coat. This was no place for him among these people in evening dress. But still be lingered, taking in the beauty of his surroundings with a keen delight. Everything that was beautiful was now a thousand times more beautiful to him—for did he not love?

Presently from an avenue there came two figures. Moore soon knew them to be Major Root resplendent in vast, still expanse of shirt bosom whereon a diamond glittered, and on his arm a slender figure holding itself with a peculiar air of grace and independence. Of course the latter was Portia Nunally.

Meore had hardly decided as to the identity of the two when the woman paused and withdrew her hand from its support. She said something rapidly. The man seemed to demar, but his companion insisted. He took her hand, kissed it with an elaborate air, and then walked away.

Miss Nunally now came quickly forward in a manner that showed that she had previously seen and recognized Moore. She did not pause until she was close to shim.

"Congratulate me," she said. Her face was flushed; her eyes sparkled. But there was a certain constriction across her brows which a woman would have noticed.

Moore drew himself up. "No; I swear I won't congratulate you," he said roughly.

"Then congratulate Major Root, if you think that would be more appropriate.

"No," repeated Moore and he added; "I feel more like strangling him."

Portia advanced still nearer. She extended her much inged hand and put a finger on Moore's ve?
Presently from an avenue there came two
cures. Moore soon knew them to be Major

Portia advanced still nearer. She extended ber much-ringed hand and put a finger on Moore's "Don't strangle him till the welding day," she said with so much expression that the young man involuntarily stepped back. The girl also moved away quickly. Then in that macking but somehow seductive little con-tralto of hers she sung in a half-voice:

She has killed her skirts of error satistable has killed them up to her knee.

And she's aff with Lord Rosald McDonaid.

His bride and his during to be. "Only for green satin read white surah, and for Renald McDonald read Major Micah Root. With these slight alterations I think the song must have been composed for me. What do you say, Mr Moore 2" You know very well what I think of -of this

"You know very well what I think of of this cursed kind of a bargain. It isn't sale for me to say anything about it; oaths are the only words that I want to use."

"And oaths are not fit to be spoken before a refined woman like me, Mr. Moore," responded Bestia. "And oaths are not fit to be spoken before a refined woman like me, Mr. Moore," responded Portia.

She was standing very quietly. Her white dress and the ment, the inventor says, will be of great service to the fire department, as the location of flames can be easily

Baking PowderAbsolutely Pure.

and her pewels gleamed. She was opening and should they break out from a building shotting her tan and sazing over it at her companion. There was something in her eyes which appeared very strongly to the young man.

You call me a reflict woman, lon't you. Mr.

As she ceased speaking Salome laid her head on Moore's shoulder. She sobbed. But she controlled herself immediately and was perfectly quiet, while her companion held her closely and poured out tenderly emphatic assurances, the words coming from a full and sincere heart.

At last Salome lifted her face and spoke. But her words did not seem to have any reference to what Moore heal just been saving.

"I have been thinking that I don't seem to have any conscience. If I'm not going to have enough to make me good I would rather not have any. It wouldn't be agreeable to have just enough conscience. If I'm not going to have enough to make me good I would rather not have any. It wouldn't be agreeable to have just enough conscience to terment one, but not enough to keep one right."

Moore held the girl at arm's length for an instant. His face was radiant with happiness of

Moore did not attempt any reply. He stood gazing at the girl, a deep frown on his face.

She drew up the light scart that had fallen

She drew up the light scart that had fallen from her shoulders.

The just asked me, "she went on; "I knew he would do it to-night. I bestated, and was properly surprised, and I let him plead a little. Then I soid yes. But after I had said that would I let that I carbo not possibly endure him in my presence for another instant. I saw you here, Mr. Moore, I sent him away. I shall not see him again until to-morrow. Then he will call on my Anat Flyrence. My Anat Flyrence will test lake thanking him for taking me off her hands. Everybody will envy me, and say how well that Darruh woman's neece has done after all. The three other girls who wanted to marry Major Micah Boot will be green. And I, why I shall

often. Will you take the back to the often. Will you take the back to the Mr. Moore."

The young man offered his arm. The two walked on in slience.

Soon they came among groups of people. Some soon they came among groups of them clanced rather superctilogsly at Moore. of them clanced rather superctilogsly at Moore. At lest, near the veranch, he pause h.

"You see, I am not fit to come among those "You see, I am not fit to come among those including him birds," he said. "I will say good-night now. I suppose it is useless to remonstrate with the content.

Miss Gerry about my emagement. I dreat felling Miss Gerry about my emagement. She is not the kind of a garl who could do such a thing."

"No!" With some violence.

"Well, good night, Mr. Moore, Stay ——" She cooked at him again. "You may give those lowers to Miss Gerry with my—with my sincerest noch wishes." good wishes."

She walked away. Her white dress gleamed in and out among the trees, then was gone. She wishes

CUTTING ICE UP THE HUDSON. From The Albany Express (January 10).

Albough there have been exactly afficen days of freezing weather, and the he in the river has been blok enough to cut for a week, the work of harvesting let for next summer did not begin in carnest until yesterday.

for next summer did not begin in carnest until yesterday.

Burling the past week the owners and the foremen of large for companies have been going through the mall places alongside the river, securing men to work, and it is estimated that vesterday there were several boursand men and bors placed at work on the lee for he innercus companies which are entring for from he river at points north and south of Albany. He dies the men, fundreds of horses, and in some cases yee, are employed.

The senson of ice harvesting is one welcomed by commands of families, the heads of which are forced carn their living by this work in winter. A great any of the persons who work on the ice in winter me follow the occupation of bestmen and distermen the summer thus. In years when the lee harvest

time follow the occupation of beatmen and ishermen in the summer time. In years when the lee harvest is poor hard times come to some families.

According to the estimates made by experts, fully 2,000,000 fons of the will be harvested this winter, of course this does not fuclude what will be cut from pends and other interior bodies of water, which will creatly because the total amount gathered.

The local bee dealers are judiant over the prospect of a good crop, and some who were seen by an "Express" reporter vestering said they were quite sure that the crop which will be harvested this year will that the crop which will be harvested this year will exceed the everys harvest two over half, at half the

expense, that is, providing snow does not fall in large quantities.

Almost every house along the river is empty, Knickerboeker Company has some lee at Esapus, and also sevesal full houses at Rockland Lake. This morning the force of harvesters employed by the Knickerbocker Ire Company at Bath and vicinity will be transferred to Jelley Island. After filling the houses below Albany the company expects to stock lee on the island for first shipment in the spring to New York Ulty. Some of the companies are complaining hecause there are not chough workness to be found. This may be the case at present, but it will not be so by the time men from the country districts arrive, and they are beginning to came.

ELECTRIC LIGHTS HELD UP BY BALLOONS.

From The san Francisco Call.

A balloon with electric lights attached to it for lighting ettles is the latest idea of turning the ellight of lights to a practical use. This idea has seen very Usionary, but C. A. Smith, of No. 112 Grovest, one of san Francisco's inventors, has sufficient confidence in the scheme to commance operations of constructing a balloon for that purpose.

This is alloon will be the of the ordinary slik bag mattern but will be made of aluminum and in the shape of a clear nominal of a clear manufacture.

attern, but will be made of the ordinary slik bag that cigar, pointed at both cust. It will be about review for income and aftern feet in diameter at its largest and, and will contain sufficient gas to sustain it in a roughest kind of weather. Fans will be construct-so as to hold it point up to the wind and help it an dipping, and in calm weather it will be so nat-ed that it will remain perfectly level. A call-containing the electric whes will hold it at afficient elevation so that the light will be spread with great to be illuminated to the best advantage the binness, will sustain six at these hem downward An applicative will be provided for banding the bal-form to the earth for trimming the light or making any repairs that might become necessary, or raising or owering it so that the light may be advantageously

shotting her ran and pannon. There was something in her eyes which appealed very strongly to the young man "You call me a reflicted woman, don't you, Mr. Moore?" she askes!

He was obliged to rouse himself somewhat that he might reply.

"I had that impression. You seemed to me to be exquisitely refined and fastidious."

"Yes, odd isn't it, that people generally think that of me? I had such a tancy about myself that of me? I had such a tancy about myself that of me? I had course and vulgar, that of me? I had course and vulgar.

"The members of the San Francisco Electric Association have discussed my scheme poetty thoroughly, and they discussed my scheme poetty thoroughly, and they discussed in that it is not only possible but one lifetime to be exquisitely refined and fastidious."

"The members of the San Francisco Electric Association have discussed my scheme poetty thoroughly, and they discussed my scheme poetty thoroughly, and

FOR THE COLUMBIAN NAVAL DISPLAY.

AMERICAN OFFICERS APPREHENSIVE ABOUT EX-

PENSES-APPROPRIATIONS WANTED. The Navy Department began its preparations for the naval rendezvous at Hampton Roads and the review in New-York Harbor several months ago but there is no little apprehension among officer of the Navy that the scheme will have to be abau dened unless Congress shall appropriate the \$300 000 asked for by Secretary Tracy. Congress at propriated \$50,000 toward the naval display at itlast session, but the bulk of this was expended, as Congress understood it was to be, for two caravels, reproductions of the Pinta and Nina, for exhibition at Chicago after they had taken part in the naval review. These two caravels are now on the way from spale, under convoy of the cruiser Newark. and they are expected to reach Hampton Roads the

An officer at the Navy Yard said: "S

latter part of February.

Tracy has explained that the estimate he sent into Congress was designed only to defray the addition

More sprang forward a step. He graspel Portie's hand which held the fan. The tragel thing fell broken it the ground.

"It is atractoms:" be ettel stytagely. "I—I won't allow it? No desent hand should allow such a thing. A man should remember that a wenian is to be loved—to be respected—shove all things, to be respected. You don't know hew wile a thing a male human being may be and still be received. You don't know what an animal that Root is. I've heart I has so that may be and still be received. You don't know hear that—ob, I can't tell you! I'll go out and kill him. Sambalody's got to kill him.

Mys Nunalle was looking intently at the young man's face. She was standing very near him. That constriction across her forehead despends—"Piesse remember, Mr. Moore, that I've led him on. Pvo introded to make him propose to me. And, in a way, I have enjoyed it on account of those other girls who will be green with environment of those other girls who will be green with environment of the hands as if thrusting samething all arrive the Neward, and soon afterward will arrive the Neward, and you will arrive the Neward, and you will arrive the Neward with the possibilities in me, did you? Well, on a look to the ballroom, Mr. Moore.

The young man offered his arm. The two wilked on in silence.

You did not give the vermella, he massed.

At his heart the vermella, he massed.

At his, near the vermella, he massed.

Soon they came among groups of people. Some of them clanced rather superalicysts at Moore. At last, near the veranda, he pause h. You see, I am not fit to come among these time burds, he said. "I will say good-night now. I suppose it is useless to remonstrate with you."

"Quite."

Miss Nurally besitated after she had spoken that Miss Nurally besitated after she had spoken that word. Her manner was such that her companion word with clasters of yellow flowers.

"Let us 20 to that shrubbery," she said: have something to ask you. "They walked to the shrubbery, which was odorous with clasters of yellow flowers.

"Pertia absently placed a few of these. "Fertia absently placed a few of these. "Only in these days there is no longer any spirit; it is all serse—all material—I wanted to shrub you fire the shrubbery with use form. "Only in these days there is no longer any sky you if you are sare of being happy with miss fore;"

"Since? Oh, yes! I wish the future were as bright to you. Nas Nunally."

There was a deep and tender carnestness in the young mails voice and his face.

Pertin looked up at hun.

"Other manner was such that her companion were allowed the followers to make your fallows the future were as bright to you. Nas Nunally."

There was a deep and tender carnestness in the young mails voice and his face.

Pertin looked up at hun.

"They would not here extended to the feet."

There was a deep and tender carnestness in the young mails voice and his face.

Pertin looked up at hun.

"They would not here extended to our officers from the fact the pay of the suppose of keeping open house to the visitors of the visitors of the head of the flowers to describe and the flowers to describe an action of the prevention flowers are as a rule, much being shaped to the extended to o

AN EXCEPTIONAL CHRISTMAS STORY. From The Nashville American.

the from his desk. "Well, what can I do for you?"

"I-I-a-hene-I-"
"Well, grind it out."
"I-I notice that 'The American' ofters \$100 in gold
the best Christmus story, and I scratched off a
te tale that I would like to-"
"Hand it to the snake editor over there and he will place it on file—"
"But it's a nice little tale, and the beauty of it is
it's a true story, and I would like for you to read it
ind—"

and—"

"Oh. spare me, piease: I've read Christmas stories about snow, snow, snow, until the coll chills"—

"But there's not a word about snow,"

"Do you mean to say that there's nothing in your story about snow,"

"No, sir; not a single word, not even an intimation to that effect."

"Nothing about the degree through

"Not hake."
"Not a fake."
"Nothing about the downy flakes!"
"Nothing about as fair as the bosom of yonder snow-gred plain.!"

"Nothing about as fair as the bosom of yonder snow-covered plain?"

"Not even a light frost."

"Nothing about transparent crystals as soft as the down on the wing of a maiden humaning bird?"

"Open winter, and people sowing plant beds,"

"Nothing about snow-crowned fulls that stand like hoary settinels while the pale moonlight shimes on?"

"Not a word, the thermometer registers 100 degrees in the shade during the holidays, and suckers shoul on the 25th of December. The garden sies trust is busted and turning greens are a rank as—

"Come to my arms, newly discovered genius! Read your story long and long, backward and forward—telephone it—send it is as a special by wire—any way, every way! Let me get it at once and all together!"

AN INTELLIGENT CAT. From The Hartford Times.

cased out and a Democratic Administration in power, when he was content to depart.

Few cents enjoy the homorable career that had been the led of Tomany Turker. When a little mite of a kitten, with no claim to pediatre and with no home, he windered into the paper warerooms of E. Tucker's sons, on Trium all St. He made triends, and from that day until his detail he found a comforable home.

Only once in all his fife did he leave his home for a nelf-interval. Two years ago he was locked out omight. Not appreciating what he considered in ministre, he stated for the home of Mr. Tucker, on Etwandest. He failed to reach the home of his master, and also lest his beautines as to the location of the store. For seven day, he was not seen at the ware rooms when he was returned by a lady who found him and recognized line as Tomany Tucker. During the seven days he lost seven pounds of flesh. His joy at finding his home was manifested as only a cat can show low.

seven days he lost seven joineds of firsh. His joy at finding his home was manifested as only a cat can show joy.

Tommy was a handsome cat. He was of the tiger variety, with a good showing of long white fur. His nose, breast and front feet were white, which were kept scrupinously clein at all times, as well as the test of the body. He hight and dark marking was sharply defined and the features were strong. The eyes were bug and bright as the new Columbian half-dollars, and the whisters fong. Tomme when in his prime weighed seventeen pounds. In bis old age he weighed somewhat less.

Tommy could perform many tricks, and seemed very great of the accomplishments. He would shake the hunds of visitors and sit up when asked to. He was especially food of ladies, and in suitable weather would sit in front of the store to receive the attentions showered upon him by the admiring passers by. When young Tommy was fed with milk and each morning a bowly was placed in front of the store with five cents to pay the milkman. It was the custom of the cat to look into the bowl to make sure that the money was not longotten. At times when the dust was blowing a cover would be placed over the bowl. Tommy was hound to find out if the nikel was in the bowl, and would push the over off. If the coin was seen he would rest content until the milkman arrived; but if the bowl was empty he would make the fact known by an unusual activity between the office and the store front.

Last October Tommy was run over and one of his legs was broken. His old age began to tell on him, and for the part three months he failed until his death today.

Tommy will be greatly missed by a large number of admirers.

KHEDIVE ABBAS II.

A VAIN AND BUMPTIOUS YOUNG MAN-HOW HE TRIED TO TEACH LORD CROMER A LESSON.

In viewing the events of the last week in Egypt and the attempted revolt on the part of the Khedive against the tutelage of his English protectors, it is necessary to bear in mind that Abbas II is but nineteen years old, and that although as precocious as are most Oriental youths of his age, he is necessarily devoid of that prudence and political sagacity which are the outcome of experience. Moreover, it should be taken into consideration that he is surrounded by the very worst influences, both European and Asiatic, which flatter his vanity, pander to his vices, and develop in his mind that innate taste for intrigue and double-dealing which constitutes so marked and predominant a feature of the Eastern character. It is no exaggeration to assert that the young Khedive's surroundings, of a masculine as well as of a feminine character, are like those of his father, the late Khedive Tewfik, notoriously hostile to the English, and it is for the purpose of combating these influences that the British Government maintains at Cairo an official of the calibre and experience of Lord Cromer. To the latter, who has known Abbas ince he was a baby two years old, the manifestations of independence on the part of the young Khedive must be exceedingly entertaining, specially when he recalls to mind the merry afternoons which the lad and his younger brother used, as children, to spend with the little Barings comping in the nursery of the British Residency

Already in May, only a few months after his

ecessica to the throne. Abbas, his head doubt-

less turned by his sudden elevation, and encouraged thereto by his associates, attempted to give lesson in breeding and etiquette to the English Envoy. The latter while driving home from Heliopolis one afternoon called in the Khedive's uburban residence of Koubeh, as he had often lone previously, for the sake of a friendly chat and a cup of coffee. Instead of being received at once, as is the inveriable custom with all the foreign envoys accredited to the Khedivial court, ie was kept waiting for half an hour, and then a native aide-de-camp, or chamberlain, informed him that "His Highness could grant no audiences except at his city palace of Abdeen, and unless requested beforehand." The chamberlain added that he had been instructed by the Khediye to say that he. Abbas, had learned while in Europe that foreign envoys when received in audience by the sovereigns to whose courts they were accredited invariably were uniform, or, at any rate, evening dress, and that Lord Cromer's costume-his customary gray frock coat and white hat-was scarcely in accordance with the requirements of etiquette. For once in his life Lord Cromer appears to have been taken aback, for, after looking for a moment at the native official in undisguised astonishment, he turned his back upon him and drove back to Cairo without uttering a word. The next morning a notice appeared in the official "Moniteur," or Government gazette, stating that the Khedive would grant no audience unless it was applied for twenty-four hours in advance, and that full uniform would be exacted on the part of those admitted to the presence of His Highness.

A few hours later Lord Cromer arrived at the Palace of Abdeen-in his ordinary attire-walked upstairs without deigning to pay any attention to the native chamberlains and aides-de-camp, and in manner more fatherly than strictly diplomatic, sointed out to the Khedive the error of his ways, with the result that the announcment in the Meniteur" was concelled in the following issue.

Matters seem to have gone on pretty well during the remainder of the year, so much so, in fact, that few days after Christmas Lord Cromer, acting on behalf of Queen Victoria, solemnly invested Abbas with the Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath. Barely a week later, the Khedive, however, showed his appreciation of the honor by committing the most open act of hestility toward his English protectors that he has yet ventured upon, namely, the appointment of Fakhri Pacha, who is as notorious for his enmity to the English as for his ignoble private character, to the post of Prime Minister in the place of Mustapha Fehmi Pacha who, notwithstanding his former questionable record, has for several years been co-operating loyally with the English for the welfare of Egypt. In view of the fact that the Khedive had out a few days previously received from the Queen of England the public token of friendship above described, his action in the matter was particularly ungracious, ill-timed and flagrantly nimical to Great Britain, and was held by Lord the form of an ultimatom giving young Abbas the alternative of removing Fakhri from office within twenty-four hours or of being deposed in the same way as his grandfather, Khedive Ismail. Of course there was no way out of it save to yield, and accordingly Fakhri, a man who has been compromised in all sorts of disgraceful scandals, and who, during my residence at Carro was publicly horsewhipped by a brother Facha on the most crowded portion of the Shou-

brah drive, has been relegated into private life. In all this, Abbas is more to be pitied than to be blamed, and the responsibility for his mistakes must rest with his family and surroundings. Even his mother, the streng-minded Khediviah, exercises a baneful influence upon him, which goes far to counteract the effects of the healths and sound education which he received-first from his English tutor, Mr. Butler, and subsequently at the Military Theresianum Academy at Vienna. Indeed, from the peculiarly intimate knowledge which I possess of the Khedivial court-I have been on terms of close personal acquaintance with the Khedives Ismail and Tewfik, and have known Abbas since 1878, when he was a child of four-I should say that it is his mother who is primatily responsible for his impolitic acts of antagonism to the English. A domineering and ambitious woman, she simply abominates the British who, at the time of the Arabi insurrection in 1882, imprisoned, exiled and even put to death so many of her near relatives and friends. For both she and all her family were in open sympathy with Arabi Pacha in his efforts to drive the Europeans in general, and the Fnglish in particular, out of Egypt in 1882, and only drew back when, at the time of the bombardment of Alexandria, it became apparent that the Arabi movement was

irrevocably doomed to defeat.

The Khediviah is a daughter of the widowed Francess El Hami, herself the daughter of the late Sultan Abdul Medjid of Turkey. It is owing to her own act that Princess El Hami is a widow. her own act that Princess El Hami, a son of the late Khedive Abbas I, was incautious chough after some five years of marriage to announce his intention of taking a second wife in addition to the Saltan, a daughter. It was a piece of great imprudence: for in the first place he was living with his wite and family on the shores of the Bosphorous, instead of on the banks of the Nie, and in the second piace, it is strict ctiquette in Turkey that a man who marries one of the Sultan's daughters should testrict himself to one wife. The Princess made very short work of her husband and of the rival whem he had dared to introduce beneath her roof. For she had them both sewn up in sacks, heavily weighted, and east into the sea. On the very day following this tragedy, which she did not make the slightest attempt to keep secret, she married a Turkish officer of high rank. The late Khedive Tewak was well award how passionately fond she was of her favorite daughter, the Khedivah, and was evidently afraid that she would resent any attempt on his part to insult her daughter by increasing the number of his consorts. Indeed, I cannot help thinking that it was a wholesome dread of his terrible motherin-law, rather than any question of high principle, which led him to restrict himself to one wife in lieu of the four permitted by the Prophet.

It is with the object of retaining her influence over her son that the Khediviah has hitherto done everything in her power to prevent Abbas from contracting a marriage with a lady of birth and Her husband, Prince El Hami, a son of the late Khediye Abbas I, was incautious enough after

over her son that the Khediviah has hitherto done everything in her power to prevent Abbas from contracting a marriage with a lady of birth and education equal to his own, and she prefers to see him surrounded with women of the odalisque class—several of whom she has herself presented to him—whose ignorance and spirit of subserviency resider it improbable that they will ever he able to acquire any influence over the young Khedive, or to supersede that which she so jealously wields.

EX-ATTACHE.

Gorgeous winter scenery at Niagara. Twelve facts